





LICKING VALLEY COURIER.  
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Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March  
3, 1879.

H. G. COTTLE, Editor.

—Democrats do hate a dull  
time.

The Democracy chose a  
Moses—not a Jonah.

Subscribe for the COURIER,  
Teachers, this means "U."

If Morgan has n't the  
best corps of teachers of any  
mountain county in the state,  
why not.

A New York Health cul-  
ture faddist says that to re-  
main beautiful woman should  
talk to themselves, but those  
who remain beautiful don't  
have to.

The south Dakota. Repub-  
lican state convention re-  
fused to instruct its delegates  
for Taft and Sherman. It  
seems that even with the  
steam-roller nomination that  
Mr. Taft may not get the  
elections in the electoral  
college from some of the  
States, even should the  
Republicans get a majority  
of the votes in November.  
The plutocrats have handed  
Taft only an empty honor.  
He can't come within a mil-  
lion miles of being elected.

If the COURIER isn't worth  
\$1.00 a year to you don't take  
it. We are not asking for  
charity. We will give you  
\$2.00 worth for every dollar  
you spend for subscription.  
You are cordially invited  
to become a subscriber and  
if you are progressive you will.  
But don't subscribe unless  
you will get value received  
for your money. If you are  
not broad enough to recog-  
nize the advantage to be  
derived from reaching your  
home paper we don't want  
your name on our subscrip-  
tion list. We want thinkers  
as well as readers. See?

Teachers, are you aware  
that you are engaged in the  
noblest profession on earth?  
Are you sensible of the re-  
sponsibilities that rest upon  
you? Do you realize that  
there is nothing so wonderful  
as the budding soul of a little  
child? Have you thought of  
all these things? Have you  
seriously considered what it  
means to have temporary  
oversight of 40 or 60 or 100 lit-  
tle minds? If you have not  
given this matter serious  
consideration you have fallen  
short in the first principle  
of pedagogy. Ask yourself a  
serious question along these  
lines and record the answer  
truly.

The nomination of Woodrow  
Wilson by the Baltimore con-  
vention assures Democracy  
of success in November.  
Wilson is a man of action  
and safely progressive. His  
official record as governor of  
New Jersey proves that he is  
honest to the core and can  
not be influenced by the in-  
terests. The platform upon  
which he is running is a clear  
cut document without any  
evasions. The only hope  
that the great masses have  
is in Wilson and the Demo-  
cratic party.

To those who look at the  
situation closely and dispa-  
sionately must see that the

## GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from this the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reversed in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 3rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

great masses of the people  
can have no hope of relief  
from the heavier growing  
burdens from Taft and the  
monopoly-controlled Repub-  
lican party, and no one can  
have confidence in the pro-  
gressive Republican element  
so long as they are dominat-  
ed by Roosevelt.

So the only hope that is  
held out to the farmer and  
the laborer is the election of  
Wilson and Marshall, and  
that is as surely certain as  
mundane affairs can be.

**GUMPTION**  
Which is Common Sense with-  
out Educational Furbelows.  
BY L. T. HOVERMALE.

### Schools and Teachers.

An ancient king once asked a  
philosopher the question: "What  
shall we teach our boys?" The  
sage replied: "Teach them some-  
thing that will be of use to them  
as men." That answer is the  
sum total of the purpose of  
the school. In this age when  
the struggle for existence is so  
fierce, the better equipping the  
boys and girls for the battle of  
life is the paramount intent of  
our public educational scheme.  
From this viewpoint I am writ-  
ing and what I say may displease  
some, as wholesome truths usu-  
ally do, but this is a question too  
momentous to allow temporizing.

The thing that cripples the  
cause of public education in Ken-  
tucky is that we have so few  
professional teachers, or, to ex-  
press it more aptly, teaching in  
this State has not arrived to the  
dignity of a profession. Few  
prepare to make teaching a life-  
work. Ergo, there is a lack of  
definite purpose, an absence of  
soul, in the attempt that makes  
public education almost farcical.  
Our boys obtain certificates and  
secure schools in order to earn  
money to prepare for something  
else, our girls to be able to buy  
an elaborate trousseau, and  
neither have the love for the  
work nor the realization of re-  
sponsibility that is necessary to  
real teaching. Too often it is a  
despised stepping-stone to the  
ultimate vocation of life.

Our legislators have been very  
short-sighted in regard to the  
public schools. The pay for  
teaching should be made suf-  
ficiently remunerative to attract  
and hold the best intellects, and  
the standard elevated and the in-  
competents weeded out. Those  
naturally qualified should con-  
stitute the profession. I say  
naturally advisedly, for the mere  
holding of a first-class certificate  
is not proof conclusive that the  
holder can teach. Teachers,  
like poets and musicians, are  
born, not made.

Omniscience evidently looked  
ahead for the boys and girls and  
so ordained that they would get  
and education despite the earn-  
est endeavors of some teachers  
to dwarf their intellects. Other-  
wise their condition would be  
pitiable. Teaching is a drawing  
out, not a filling up. The pur-  
pose of the school is to guide  
and direct the ever growing in-  
tellect of childhood, to train the  
tendrils of thought, as they

grope blindly, to places of truth  
and worth. The real teacher is  
the one who can stimulate and  
encourage and keep pure this  
thought-growth; who can arouse  
the hunger for knowledge in the  
souls of the boys and girls. And  
the capability to "pass" the ex-  
aminations for certificates is lit-  
tlesignificance of this power.

No one can be a real teacher  
who does not love the work.  
There can be no success in any  
vocation unless the whole soul,  
the life interest, be in it. The pay  
should be ample, but the money  
should be the least consideration  
with the teacher. When we  
have those entering the profes-  
sion as a life-work, who believe  
that their mission in life, the  
cause of education will have com-  
menced its forward move. The  
man or woman who teaches  
school for no other reason than  
to earn money to prepare for  
something else is committing a  
crime against childhood. The  
opportunities of the little ones  
are too precious to be stolen  
from them.

Selah!

We want your job work.

Foley Kidney Pills are healing  
and strengthening and tonic,  
and contain no harmful or habit  
forming drugs N. J. Gorham,  
Cashier, Bank of Woodville,  
Woodville, Ga., recently had an  
acute attack of kidney trouble.  
"The pains in my back and kid-  
neys were terrible, but I bought  
a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills  
and took them, and can truthfully  
say they have entirely relieved  
me. I find more benefit from  
them than any other kidney med-  
icine I have ever taken." Try  
them. For sale by all dealers.

We are prepared to furnish  
any and all kinds of cards and  
hand bills advertising horses,  
bulls or jacks. Give us a call  
and examine our work.

State of Ohio city of Toledo, ) ss  
Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath  
that he is senior partner of the  
firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing  
business in the City of Toledo,  
County and State aforesaid, and  
that said firm will pay the sum of  
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for  
each and every case of Catarrh  
that cannot be cured by the use  
of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and sub-  
scribed in my presence, this 6th  
day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken  
internally and acts directly upon  
the blood and mucous surfaces  
of the system. Send for testi-  
monials free.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., TO-  
ledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for  
constipation.

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If you do you are  
looking for me. I  
drill wells and case  
off surface water.

All work guaranteed.

Ed. Day,

West Liberty, Ky.

## Financial Statement of Morgan County

For the year 1911

Special February Term, 1912.	
County Claims allowed and payable out of deposit, 1911:	
Blevins, A. F., 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Dennis, S. S., 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Lewis, J. E., 1 day Fiscal Court	3 00
Prater, Charles, 1 day Fiscal Court	3 00
Short, W. G., 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Regular April, 1911.	
Amyx, M. J., Sheriff election	2 50
Adams, T. H., Sheriff election	2 00
Aukins, Lewis, Sheriff election	2 00
Aquas, J. W., Judge election	2 48
Ayers, H. A., keeping Louisa Henry	25 00
Cox, W. C., 3 days election commissioner	9 00
Ains, G., Judge election	2 80
Burchwell, Ed., 1/2 Supervisor claim	16 50
Bays, E. G., Judge election	2 00
Brooks, J. L., Judge election	2 00
Byrd, G. C., Clerk election	2 00
Benton, J. F., Judge election	2 00
Brown, Wm., Sheriff election	2 00
Blevins, A. F., Sheriff election	2 00
Bishop, S. S., goods Celia Marvin	900 71
Barker, T. N., official services	6 00
Blevins, A. F., 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Brown, H. B., 2 days Election Commissioner	4 00
Burwell, Ellis, Judge of election	16 50
Cattle, H. G., Judge of election	2 00
Carkey, W. A., Clerk of election	2 00
Cassidy, J. B., Judge of election	2 00
Coffee, I. F., Judge election	2 00
Candell, P., Clerk of election	2 00
Cisco, H. T., Judge of election	2 00
Caskey, J. W., coal for county	14 00
Cole, J. H., hauling and express on chair spring	19 47
Cox, J. A., goods John Ramlund	1 50
Cundiff, H., voting house	30 00
Carr, J. T., lumber on road	4 95
Carter, W. G., voting house	3 00
Cottle, John M., conveying prisoners to jail	4 00
Combs, H. C., official services	685 00
Carr, B. M., keeping poor farm	159 4
Civil, Rolfe, Judge of election	2 50
Coffee, John W., keeping poor house	26 00
Cenula, M. T., Judge election	2 00
Davis, J. W., Clerk election	2 00
Daniel, G. P., Sheriff election	2 00
Dennis, S. S., laqueet Edna Lacy	2 00
Day, J. H. & Co., locks election boxes	2 00
Day, Bill Watson	2 00
Day, James R., coal for county	86 4
Dyer, Chess, scraping on road	4 00
Day, Newton, lumber on road	4 25
Davidson, Sam, hauling on road	1 50
Dennis, S. S., committee Sheriff settlement	17 50
Dennis, S. S., 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Blam, W. T., Sheriff election	2 50
Blam, R. M., Clerk election	2 00
Blam, B. J., Judge election	2 00
Baxterling, W. T., Sheriff election	2 00
Blam, T. J., goods for Jane Williams	8 00
Blam, T. J., goods for county	101 6
Ferguson, Jack, Supervisors claim	16 50
Paln, J. D., Judge of election	2 00
Burnie, Joe, Judge of election	2 00
Freese, S. M., Judge of election	2 00
Ferguson, M. E., Clerk of election	2 00
Ferguson, W. E., Clerk of election	110 00
Ferguson, Keller, lumber on road	2 00
Ferguson, S. C., official services, 1911	900 00
Sublett, Jerome, Judge election	2 00
Quedon, J. T., viewing road 1 day	1 00
Quedon, W. L. & Son, medical services	6 00
Haney, O. W., Supervisor claim	16 50
Haney, O. W., Sheriff election	2 00
Haney, J. D., Judge election	3 20
Haney, L. P., Judge election	3 10
Howard, J. B., Judge election	2 80
Hammons, J. W., Judge election	2 00
Howard, B. C., Clerk election	2 00
Johnson, W. M., Clerk election	2 00
Hitchman, F. M., Clerk election	2 00
Henry, J. P., Sheriff election	2 40
Henry, J. P., goods Clay Gregory	2 00
Henry, J. L., goods Celia Martin	8 70
Henry, J. D. & Co., goods Bill Gilman	24 00
Hamilton, S. D., goods Bob Davis	17 70
Henry, J. D. & Co., goods John Short	20 00
Henry, J. D. & Co., account filed	5 50
Henry, D. G., right of way road	6 00
Haney, J. P., official services, 1911	900 00
Jones, Custer, Sheriff election	2 90
Kash, B. P., Clerk election	0 00
Kennard, Frank, Clerk election	2 00
Kendall, Wm., coal and dynamite	60 20
Kelley, Henry, goods Cox children	18 00
Kentucky Black Cannel Coal Co., ammunition on road	7 00
Kendall, J. R., wrongfully assessed	4 00
Kennard, Frank, 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Lewis, J. E., Sheriff election	2 50
Lundge, H. H., Judge election	3 15
Lacy, C. R., Sheriff election	3 15
Lykins, W. F., viewing road, 1 day	1 00
Lykins, S. J., account filed	10 70
Lykins, G. V., right of way road	50 00
Lewis, F. L., hauling on road	6 00
Lewis, J. E., 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Maxey, C. Clerk of election	2 00
Murphy, D. M., Sheriff election	3 20
Murphy, Harlan, Judge election	2 50
McClain, Harlan, Judge election	2 00
McClure, Jas. H., viewing road, 1 day	1 00
McClure, B. L. & J. P., building bridge	15 00
McClure, B. L., scraper for county	2 00
Murphy, T. K., voting house rent	1 50
McClain, Auly, account filed	10 45
Murphy, Harlan, 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
McGuire, John M., goods Widow Stamper	30 00
Murphy, Nannie, goods for Arbell Trimble	26 00
Murphy, Nannie, goods for children	24 00
Nickell, Ren F., Clerk of election	2 00
Nickell, Miles, Sheriff election	3 12
Nickell, J. T., Clerk of election	2 00
Nickell, Strowder, hauling on road	1 50
Nickell, H. H., hauling on road	3 75
Noble, Coley, right of way road	1 00
Nickell, J. C., viewing road, 1 day	1 00
Onoy, Wesley, viewing road, 1 day	1 00
Osborn, Joe T., hauling on road	2 00
Osborn, Joe T., Judge of election	2 00
Peyton, Lee C., Sheriff of election	2 80
Perry, T. H., Clerk election	2 00
Perry, J. C., powder and lumber on road	16 13
Prater, Charles, 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Risner, K. H., Judge of Election	2 00
Ross, Luther, blasting on road	6 00
Rollif, Joe, work on clock	1 00
Seabathin, J. H., Clerk Supervisor claim	16 50
Stamper, F. E., Clerk of election	2 00
Self Hardware Co., account filed	7 50
Stacy, Wm., transferring prisoners from Breathitt county	8 80
Sexton, Harlan, transferring prisoners from Menifee county	5 75
Seabathin, J. H., official services	373 30
Short, W. G., committee work for county	10 00
Seabathin, J. H., committee Sheriff settlement	17 50
Short, W. G., 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Trimble, M. B., Supervisor claim	16 50
Trimble, H. W., ballots for election, 1910	66 50
Tower & Lyon Co., prisoner shackles	36 00
Watson, J. J., viewing road, 1 day	1 00
Watkins, A. T., Judge election	2 00
Watkins, A. T., Sheriff election	2 80
Watts, Silas, Judge election	2 50
Williams, M. C., Judge election	2 00
Williams, E. C., Judge election	3 44
Walsh, Frank, Judge election	2 80
Williams, L. O., Judge election	3 12
Williams, W. W., Judge election	2 00
Williams, Jan. F., Clerk election	2 00
Womack, N. P., 3 days election commissioner	6 00
Womack, C. W., lumber for county	100 00
Wheeler, W. H., Dr. Services in jail	7 50
Walters, Franklin, 1 day Fiscal Court	3 00
Womack & Turner, account filed	170 13
Wells, H. A., hauling on road	4 00
Yocum, Jas. G., goods Wm. Adams	28 00

Regular April, 1912.

Blevins, A. T., 3 days Fiscal Court	9 00
Blevins, A. F., overseeing work on road, etc.	50 70
Bradley, Gilbert & Co., account filed for books	63 55
Bryant, J. C., sledge on road	1 00
Brown, H. B., 2 days election commissioner	4 00
Carter, James K., right of way road	30 00
Cox, W. V., right of way road	9 00
Carpenter, Asa, right of way road	15 00
Cochran, E. D., work on jail	5 82
Cassidy, R. B., work on jail	5 82
Caldiran, M. A. & N. E., nails on road	88
Cole, J. H., hauling lumber for county	14 73
Cole, Henry, hauling lumber for county	26 23
Caskey, Jesse, hauling on road, 3 days	6 00
Combs, Shade H., right of way road	20 00
Jaslie, Caskey, hauling tools on road	2 00
Carter, L. D., Dr., services in jail	3 00
Caskey, Lee C., right of way road	175 00
Carter, R. F., Board of Health, 1911	26 00
Combs, H. C., official services	685 00
Carr, B. M., keeping poor house	214 55
Combs, H. C., disinfectant for jail	12 50
Cassidy, R. B., E. G. Hays, closet at jail, etc.	23 00
Coffee, John W., keeping Lemaster woman	26 30
Caskey, Ellis, goods for Ouelahay	5 00
Carter, John S., making fill at river bridge	2 00
Jelings, T. J., lumber on road	11 30
Jay & Davis, account filed	26 40
Jay, T. N., lumber on road	3 75
Jay, Henry, right of way road	4 00
Jay Brothers, goods Luk Williams	6 00
Jay, T. T., goods Clay Gregory's wife	22 00
Jennils, S. S., 3 days Fiscal Court	9 00
Jennils, S. S., looking after county roads	20 00
Elam, Geo, lumber on road	9 00
Elam, Manford, right of way road	10 00
Elam, James, repairing court house clock	1 00
Elam, T. J., goods Jane Williams	22 60
Elam, T. J., goods hardware Co. hardware for county	42 40
Fyffe, A. J., keeping Dock Fyffe	75 00
Fannin, Anty, hauling on road, 1 day	2 00
Fannin, J. D., lumber on road	2 35
Ferguson, H. B., lumber on road	15 46
Ferguson, J. H., lumber on road	8 00
Fyffe, Pilot, goods Nath Doolin	12 00
Fannin, J. D., right of way road	10 00
Jardner, W. M., Treasurer's book	9 75
Jruar, Grover, hauling prisoner to jail	1 00
Jrife, Smith, hauling on road	5 00
Jweda, E. C., Dr., Board of Health, 1910	25 00
Jweda, E. C., Dr., Board of Health, 1911	25 00
Jardner, W. M., 1/2 Treasurer claim, 1911	125 00
Jardner, W. M., other half Treasurer claim, 1911	125 00
Janey, L. P., goods Wm. Ferguson	107 14
Javens, J. F., goods Walsh woman	9 00
Hutchinson, J. B., goods John Hasley	13 25
Henry, James B., hauling on road	10 00
Henry, Jesse C., keeping poor house	10 00
Hamilton, S. D., powder, account, on road	4 80
Hamilton, S. D., goods Bob Davis	18 00
Henry, Jacob L., goods Celia Maunling	14 53
Havens, J. C., hauling on road	4 00
Havens, Joel, right of way road	15 00
Halsey, W. P., right of way road	27 60
Halsey, W. P., lumber on road	27 60
Henry, John W., nails, boards and bridge	33 36
Hensley, J. V., conveying prisoner, etc.	5 00
Hawerton, A. J., right of way road	25 00
Howard, J. E., goods Widow Stamper	30 60
Hutchinson, J. B., goods Ames Adkins	36 00
Jones, Burd, blasting on road	5 00
Kendall, W. M., dynamite for road	2 10
Kelley, Henry, keeping Cox children	12 00
Kentucky Black Cannel Coal Co., powder, etc., on road	29 02
Kelth, Will, work on road	2 75
Kelth, Glen, work on road	7 50
Kennard, Marlon, right of way road	20 00
Kennard, Frank, three days Fiscal Court	6 00
Lodge, K. of P. and I. O. O. F., Armory, rent	95 00
Lewis, Green, lumber on bridge	136 83
Lewis, James, Frank Weatherharding for jail	2 25
Little, James, Sheep Inspector, 1911	61 00
Lewis, W. S., work on road	5 00
Lewis, James, Frank Weatherboarding for jail	2 25
Lykins, S. J., hauling on road	9 00
Lewis, J. E., three days Fiscal Court	9 00
Lewis, J. E., work for county roads	30 00
Lewis, F. M., goods for F. Canada and wife	30 00
Lytle, C. G., Sheriff, conveying prisoner	20 09
Murphy, Nannie, goods Igo children	24 00

(Continued on Fourth Page)

## You Have Inherited a Large Fortune!

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### Life Insurance Policy

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to Eastern Kentucky. People, as a rule, have not  
had the time or opportunity of learning what con-  
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We believe that you would like to know more  
about the business—It's honest, sane, business-like  
and instructive.

Write or call on us at once---To-day!  
Don't put it off until it is too late!

Delays are dangerous!

S. J. YOUNG.

J. E. STIVERS.

**YOUNG & STIVERS,**  
Real Estate & Insurance,  
Jackson, Ky.

"You don't have to die to win."

## HEADQUARTERS FOR Staple & Fancy Groceries

All New and Fresh! My Prices are the  
Lowest. The Quality Best.  
Soft Drinks

I have just installed a Soda Fountain and serve Ice  
Cream, Soda Water and Cold Drinks at all times.

D. R. Keeton



# My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North" and other stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great fête and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV—Trouble is started over a walk, and Lawrence is urged by his partner, Mistress Mortimer, (the Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British army, who agrees to a duel.

CHAPTER VI—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII—The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER VIII—Captain Grant and rangers arrive and search the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX—Lawrence joins the minute men who capture Grant and his train.

CHAPTER X—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI—Lawrence's captors lock him in a strong cell, where he meets Peter the jailer.

CHAPTER XII—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some one" will send for him.

CHAPTER XIII—Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV—Lawrence again meets the Lady of the Blended Rose, who informs him that he is in her house and that she is in command of the party that attacked and captured him.

CHAPTER XV—The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber, when Captain Grant begins a search of the premises.

CHAPTER XVI—After digging his way out, Lawrence finds the place deserted. Evidence of a battle and a dead man across the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII—Col. Mortimer, father of the Lady of the Blended Rose, finds his home in ruins.

CHAPTER XVIII—Capt. Grant insists that Lawrence be strung up at once.

CHAPTER XIX—Miss Mortimer appears, explains the mystery, and again locks in the captive.

CHAPTER XX—Lawrence escapes through a plan arranged by The Lady and Miss Mortimer.

CHAPTER XXI—Grant is knocked out by Lawrence, who comes to Miss Mortimer's relief, and then makes his escape.

CHAPTER XXII—Captain Grant's base villainy revealed.

CHAPTER XXIII—Lawrence could do best accomplished through Eric. Although in different armies, striving against each other in the field, there must still exist some means of communication between father and son, or, if not, then between brother and sister.

With flint and steel I built a small fire of leaves in a cleft beside the road, and fed to the flames one by one the papers from the pocket, glancing over each one again to make sure of its contents; all were addressed alike, simply "Mortimer," but upon two I found the word "Elmhurst." It was easy to see how the discovery of such communications would tempt an unscrupulous scoundrel like Grant to use them to injure another, and via his own end, but why had that young Eric failed to destroy them as soon as he received?

When the last paper had been reduced to ashes, I stamped out the embers of fire under my hoot heel, and with lighter hand, rode down the hill toward the ford.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Between Love and Duty.

It was already growing dusk when I rode into our little vale at Valley Forge. A brief interview with Colonel Hamilton revealed his appreciation of my work, and that my hastily made notes of the Philadelphia defenses had been received twenty-four hours earlier. They had been delivered at headquarters by an officer of Lee's staff; not a boyish-looking fellow, but a black-bearded captain whose name had been forgotten. All Hamilton could remember was that the notes had been originally brought in by an Indian scout. Eager to discover Eric Mortimer, I asked a week's release from duty, but there was so much sickness in the camp, that this request was refused, and I was ordered to my regiment.

Busy days and nights of fatigue followed. Washington, watching like a hawk every movement of Sir Henry Clinton in Philadelphia, convinced by every report received that he was about to evacuate the city, sent all his energies toward placing his little army in fit condition for battle. Some recruits were received, the neighboring militia were drawn upon, and men were taken from the hospitals, and put back into the ranks as soon as strong enough to bear arms. Inspired by the indomitable spirit of our commander, the line officers worked incessantly, the welding together of their I scarcely knew what the importance of the situation was, but I felt that the fate of the country was at stake. The chief had not stated what information of value Grant had promised to reveal; nor what Eric's first report had contained. In my sudden disappointment I had forgotten to inquire where the boy was? What had happened to him? Some one surely to keep him thus early a month. Claire

matching, and I had pressed farther north, near convenient crossings of the Delaware, prepared for a forced march across the British lines of retreat. Maxwell's brigade, with which I was connected, even crossed the river in advance, co-operating with General Dickinson and his New Jersey militia. All was excitement, commotion, apparently disorder, yet even amid that turmoil of approaching battle, Hamilton recalled my request, and granted me two days' leave. His brief note reached me at Coryell's Ferry, and, an hour later, I was riding swiftly across the country to where Lee had headquarters.

Not once during all those days and nights had the memory of Claire left me. Over and over in my mind I had reviewed all that had ever occurred between us, striving in vain to guess the riddle. Now I must see and talk with her brother, and perhaps obtain the explanation needed. Yet I have gone into battle with less trepidation than when I rode into Lee's headquarters, and asked his chief-of-staff for Eric Mortimer. He looked at me strangely, as I put the question.

"I should be very glad to oblige you, Major Lawrence," he replied gravely, "but unfortunately I have no present knowledge of the young man."

"But he was attached to General Lee's staff?"

"Only in a way—he was useful to us as a scout because of his intimate knowledge of the Jerseys. His home, I understand, was near Mount Holly."

"What has become of him?"

"All I know is, he was sent out on a special mission, by Washington's own orders, nearly a month ago. We have not directly heard from him since. An Indian brought a partial report of his operations up to that time; since then we have received nothing."

"An Indian?" I exclaimed. "The same who brought in my notes?"

"I believe so; yes, now that I recall the matter. I had no opportunity to question the fellow; he simply left the papers with the orderly, and disappeared."

"And you have heard nothing from young Mortimer since?"

"Not a word."

"He must be dead, or a prisoner," the chief smiled rather grimly.

"Or deserted," he added sharply. "I am more inclined toward that theory. He was a reckless young devil, attracted to our service more, it seemed to me, by a spirit of dare-devilry than patriotism. Lee thought well of him, but I was always suspicious. He belonged to a family of loyalists, his father a colonel of Queen's Rangers. Did you know him, Lawrence?"

"The father, not the son. But I am not willing to believe evil of the boy. I cannot conceive that treachery is in the Mortimer blood, and shall have to be convinced before I condemn the lad. When did he leave her last?"

"About the middle of May."

"Would you mind telling me his mission? Where he was sent?"

The officer glanced keenly into my face; then ran hastily over a package of papers taken from an open trunk.

"I can see no harm in doing so now, major. He was sent to communicate with a British officer—a prominent Tory—who has associations with 'Red' Fagin, and others in Monmouth county. This officer has in the past, for a consideration, furnished us with valuable information, generally through young Mortimer, who knew him. He had written us that he had more to tell."

"Where were they to meet?"

"At a rendezvous known as the Lone Tree, not far from Medford."

"Was the Tory officer named Grant?"

"No, stated at me in surprise. 'I am not at liberty to answer.'"

"Oh, very well; however, I understand the situation even better than you do probably. Only I advise you one thing—don't condemn that boy until you learn the truth. Grant is an unmitigated, cold-blooded scoundrel, and the treachery is his. You'll learn that, if you wait long enough. Mortimer is either dead, or in Fagin's hands. Good night."

I passed out, and was beyond the guard, before he could call me, even had he desired to do so. I had no wish to talk with him longer. I felt disappointed, sick at heart, and realized this staff officer was strongly prejudiced against young Mortimer. It seemed to me I saw a little light, although not much. Eric had been at Elmhurst, and Claire was not innocent of his presence in that neighborhood. She was shielding him, and it was through her help that his first report to Lee had been sent back by the Indian. Then Eric must have been in the house while I was there. Indeed it must have been Eric who made me prisoner. And to protect him she had told me a deliberate falsehood.

As I rode back through the night, finding a path almost by instinct through the maze of military encampments, I thought of all these things, exonerating her from wrong, and yet wondering more and more at her real connection with the various events. The chief had not stated what information of value Grant had promised to reveal; nor what Eric's first report had contained. In my sudden disappointment I had forgotten to inquire where the boy was? What had happened to him? Some one surely to keep him thus early a month. Claire

would know, but she was probably long ago back in Philadelphia in the heart of the British garrison. And I? Well, I was tied hand and foot by discipline; helpless to turn aside from duty now in the face of this new campaign. Every man was needed, and no personal consideration would excuse my leaving the ranks even for a day. It was with heavy heart I rode into the camp of my regiment, and lay down on the bare ground, with head pillowed upon the saddle, knowing the drums would sound in a few short hours.

It was hard to work through the routine of the next few days, although some excitement was given us by Maxwell's brigade by scouting details sent across the valley to observe the movements of the British patrols. On such duty I passed the greater portion of two days in the saddle, and, by chance, met both Farrell and Duval, who were with the Jersey militiamen, now rapidly coming in to aid us, as the rumors of an impending battle spread across country. Farrell came at the head of fifty men, rough looking, raggedly dressed fellows, but well armed, and I had a word with him while pointing out where Dickinson's troops were camped. Unfortunately he knew little of value to me. Mortimer's column of Queen's Rangers had passed his place on their return to Philadelphia two days after my escape. Grant was not with them; but Claire was, while Peter had been left behind at Elmhurst. Fagin had not been overtaken, although the Rangers had engaged in a skirmish with some of his followers, losing two men. Colonel Mortimer had been wounded slightly. As to Eric he knew nothing—no one had even mentioned the lad's name.

It was thus clearly evident I could do nothing, although I now possessed a well defined theory of just what had occurred. To my mind Eric was in the hands of Fagin, either hidden securely away among the sand caves for some purpose connected with Grant's treachery, or else with the intention of claiming the reward for his capture offered by Howe. The former probably seemed most likely in view of Grant's failure to return to Philadelphia with Colonel Mortimer, yet there was no reason why the conspirators should not wreak vengeance, and win the reward also. But did Claire know, or suspect the predicament of her brother? If she did, then she was seeking to conceal the truth from her father, but would never remain long inactive in the city. I knew the girl's real spirit too well to believe she would fall for long in learning the boy's fate. And when she did she would act quickly. Perhaps even now she was back at Elmhurst, facing peril in the track of the retreating armies, striving to give the lad refuge.

In an agony of apprehension I asked for a scouting detail in that direction, but was sternly refused. Word had come that Clinton was evacuating Philadelphia; that his advance was already across the Delaware. Any moment might bring to our little army orders to press forward to intercept him. I was a soldier, compelled to remain.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### Forcing Clinton to Battle.

I was left behind at Coryell's Ferry, for the purpose of hastening forward any supplementary orders from Washington, when Maxwell, and the Jersey militiamen, pressed forward in an effort to retard the march of the enemy. From the reports of scouts we began to understand what was occurring. Before dawn on the eighteenth of June the British army began leaving the city, crossing the Delaware at Gloucester point, and by evening the motley host, comprising Regulars, Hessians, Loyalists, and a swarm of camp followers, were halted near Haddonfield, five miles southeast of Camden.

The moment this knowledge reached Washington, he acted. In spite of opposition from some of his leading officers, his own purpose remained steadfast, and every preparation had already been carefully made for energetic pursuit. Our troops fit for service numbered less than five thousand men, many of those hastily gathered militia, some of whom had never been under fire, but the warmth and comfort of the summer time, together with the good news from France, had inspired all with fresh courage. Whatever of dissension existed was only among the coteries of general officers, the men in the ranks being eager for battle, even though the odds were strong against us. There was no delay, no hitch in the promptness of advance. The department of the Quartermaster-General had every plan worked out in detail, and, within a few days, the entire army had crossed the river, and pushed forward to within a few miles of Trenton. Morgan, with his six hundred men, was hurried forward to the reinforcement of Maxwell, and, relieved from my duties at the ferry, I was permitted to join his column.

I know not when, during all my army life, I was more deeply impressed with the awful solemnity of war, than as I watched these volunteer soldiers land on the Jersey shore, and tramp away through the dust. In those ranks were sick and wounded scarcely able to keep up; occasionally one would crawl aside the moment he was able would join some body, and resume the march.

They were animated by a stern purpose which yielded power. Such as these were not to be trifled with. Others might scoff at their raggedness of line, their carelessness of discipline, their nondescript garments, and variety of equipment, but to one who had seen such in battle—who had been with them at Trenton, Brandywine, and Germantown—they were warriors, not to be despised, stern, grim fighters, able to hold their own against England's best drilled battalions. I watched them file past—Wayne's, Varnum's, Scott's brigades, and Jackson's and Grayson's regiments—marking the brown, dust-stained faces, the eager eyes, the sturdy, tireless tread, the well oiled muskets. Boys, men, graybeards, all alike exhibited in their faces the same expression. They were anticipating battle against a hated foe, and counted hardship as nothing compared with the joy of conflict. Every step brought them closer to the grapple of arms—to that supreme test

of strength, courage, endurance, for which they had left their homes. They might be poorly drilled, ill-dressed, variously armed, yet these were fighting men.

It was midnight when Morgan led us up the steep bluff, and out upon the sandy road. We advanced silently, and in straggling column through the darkness, passing the embers of camp fires for several miles, the reluctant soldiery of other commands sleeping on the ground. At Hopewell, Washington was holding another council with his officers. As we swung past we could perceive his tall figure standing in the glow of a fire, and there arose from the lips of our men a sudden, involuntary cheer, breaking strangely upon the solemn silence of the night. The group about him were startled and looked about, and he paused a moment shading his eyes.

"What troops are these?" he asked, his voice cutting across the distance. A hundred answered him:

"Morgan's riflemen!"

"Good, my lads! and even at that distance I could see his face brighten. 'There will be work for you at dawn.'"

With a rolling cheer, echoing down our ranks from front to rear, we answered, swinging the guns over our heads, as we swept forward into the dark night. There might be discussion, discussion about that council fire, but there was none in the hearts of those who were going out to die. Already rumors were flying about regarding Lee's unwillingness to engage in battle. I saw him as I trudged past, standing beside Wayne, the fire-light on his face, although his head was bowed. Even to our cheers he never once glanced up, and, as we passed beyond the radius of light, I laid my hand upon the mane of Morgan's horse.

"Is it true that Charles Lee thinks we should let Clinton go without fighting?" I asked soberly. "That was rumored at the ferry?"

"No, enough," he answered, his eyes upon the dark column of plodding men. "And he seems to have others with him. I know not what has put the coward into the fellows of late. Saint Andrew's odds are no greater than we have met before. But there'll be no fighting, lad, I fear, unless Washington takes the hit in his teeth and orders it. I'm glad the boys cheered him; 'twill give the map new heart."

"You favor the joining of issue?"

"Why not? Were we ever in better fettle? A retreating army is always half whipped, and we can choose our ground. Why, lad, 'tis reported Clinton's line stretches out full twelve miles, with train of baggage wagons and battery horses, and camp followers enough for a division. 'Twill be easy work attending to them, and most easy work attacking them. 'Tis the troops are Dutch and Tories."

By daylight we came up with the New Jersey militia, lying at rest along the bank of the Millstone River, waiting their turn to ford that stream, and join Maxwell on the opposite shore. From where I stood I could see the thin lines of Continentals spreading out like a fan, as the skirmishers advanced on the opposite bank. Down the trampled bank, men were struggling with a light battery, and suddenly in the press of figures I came upon Farrell. He was mud-streaked head to foot, his face streaked with it, but he looked up with beaming eyes as I spoke his name, and our hands clasped.

"I thought you would be over there with Maxwell," he said, pointing across at the black dots, now clearly distinguishable in the glow of sun above.

"I was left behind, and came up just now with Morgan," I replied. "But I am anxious enough to be with my own fellows. What means that skulking line, Farrell? Are we already in touch with Clinton?"

"No, swept the hair out of his eyes with his great fist."

"No one knows exactly, but the British are not far off, and are headed this way. A scout came through with the news two hours ago—Clinton has taken the road to Monmouth." He chuckled grimly, glancing at my face. "And who think you the lad was who told us?"

"Who?" my throat tightening.

"The same you was so anxious about a few days back."

"Mortimer? Eric Mortimer?"

"Ay, unless my eyes fall no already, it was the boy."

"You are sure? You saw him?"

"Well, I had a glimpse, as he came up the bank here from the ford, his horse dripping. It was dark still, and

There was a faint cheer as the drenched figures sprang forward racing after me. Twice we ran up against small parties of horsemen, exchanging shots, but these fell back, leaving the road clear. By dark we were at Englishtown, hungry and thoroughly worn out, and there we halted, sleeping upon our arms. All I had in my haversack was a single hard biscuit, after munching which I lay down upon the ground and fell instantly asleep.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### The Fight at Monmouth.

The next day—Sunday, the twentieth of June, 1776—dawned with cloudless sky, hot, sultry, the warmest day of the year. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves, and in the tree branches above us birds sang cheerily. Before daybreak we, who had been permitted to sleep for a few hours, were aroused by the sentries, and, in the gray dawn, partook of a meager breakfast. A fresh supply of ammunition was brought up and distributed among the men, and, before sunrise, we were in line, stripped for a hot day's work, eagerly awaiting orders. I can make no pretense at describing in any detail, or sequence, the memorable action at Monmouth Court House, but must content myself with depicting what little I saw upon the firing line of Maxwell's brigade. We advanced slowly eastward over a gently rolling country, diversified by small groves. In advance was a thin line of skirmishers, and to left and right were Dickinson's and Wayne's men, their muskets gleaming in the sun's light. Early the rumor crept about among us that Lee had come up during the night with fresh troops, and assumed command.

Who led us was of but small consequence, however, as there was now no doubt in any mind but what battle was inevitable. Already to the south echoed a sound of firing where Morgan dashed along our rear seeking Lee, centering broadcast the welcome news that Knyphausen and his Hessians, the van of the British movement, were approaching. With a cheer of anticipation, the soldiers flung aside every article possible to discard, and pressed recklessly forward. Before we moved a mile my horse became lame, I was obliged to dismount, and proceed on foot. Never have I experienced a better sun, or a more sultry air. Rapid marching was impossible, yet by nine o'clock we had passed the Freshold meeting house, and were halted under the protection of a considerable wood, the men dropping to the ground in the grateful shadow. Maxwell came along back of our line, his horse walking slowly, as the general mopped his streaming red face. He failed to recognize me among the others until I stepped out into the hollering sun, and spoke:

"What is that firing to the right, general? Are the Jersey militia in action?"

"Yes," he said to my first question, "we are going to fight, although I may not be anything more serious than skirmishing today. Washington has decided in spite of Lee, that

God, and we'll have a go at the Red-coats. Lafayette commands the advance, and Wayne will be up within a few hours. We are to skirl forward toward Monmouth Court House; Clinton has turned that way."

"You learned that from a scout?"

"Yes; he just came through; one of Charles Lee's men, I understood—a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, who said his name was Mortimer. He had ridden from Cookstown, and was reeling in the saddle, but would go on. Your men are over there, major, beyond the clump of timber. In my judgment we'll accomplish little today, for there is a heavy storm in those clouds yonder."

"How many men will we have when Wayne comes up?"

"About four thousand, with the militia. We are ordered to hang close to Clinton's left, while Morgan circles him to the right. 'Tis said the British have transports, at Sandy Hook, and are trying to get there; that was the word young Mortimer brought in."

The both in the water seemed to have helped my horse, but I rode slowly up the valley toward the wood which served as my guide. Before I reached the skirmishers, great drops of rain fell, and then a downpour, utterly blotting out the landscape. Lightning flashed, the thunder unmitigated, the rain a food, water leaped down the side of the hill cascades, and, blinded, I drew my horse back into the slight shelter of the wood, and waited, gripping him by the bit. Men ran back down the hill, seeking shelter from the fury of it, and I bent my head, soaked to the skin. For the first time I realized how tired I was, every muscle aching with the strain of the long night's march, my head throbbing from the awful heat of the early morning. I sat down in the mud and water; my arm through the bridle rein, my head against the trunk of a tree which partially protected my face from the beating rain. But there was no sleep possible.

My mind pictured the field of action, reviewed the events leading up to this hour, and, as surely, reverted to Claire Mortimer. I had almost forgotten the sturdy downpour so intensely I was thinking, when a courier came spurting forward, blinded by the storm, yet riding recklessly. He must have seen the group of men huddled at the edge of the grove, for he drew up his horse, calling my name.

"Major Lawrence, I come from General Maxwell," he shouted between the crashes of thunder. "You are given command of the right of the line, and will press on regardless of the storm until the enemy is met in force. Dragoons have been seen two miles east. You understand, sir?"

"Yes," leading forth my horse. "Come on, lads, it's the top of the hill! What about the artillery?"

"We may not be able to move the guns," he answered, "but you are to keep your powder as dry as possible and hold Clinton to the road. Dry powder will be sent as soon as the storm breaks. That's all, sir."

I could scarce see the fellow as his horse whirled, wet with splashing down the slope. Each the mist of rain the men gathered about were mere blotches.

"All right, you water-rats, come on!" I sang out cheerfully. "We'll give the Red-coats the huts of our guns anyhow."

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce W. J. FIELDS, of Carter County, as a candidate for the nomination for Congress from the Ninth District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITTAKER, of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD, of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL, of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK, of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan County.

We are authorized to announce W. W. McCLURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK (Assessor John), of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON, of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. OLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce T. N. BARKER, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan County subject to the action of the Democratic party.

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We have a 600 acre tract of coal land in Breathitt County, situated on the O. & K. R. R., that we will sell at a very low figure, if taken soon. We will sell in fee for less than the usual mineral right price. See us and get this bargain.

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Care will be taken to prevent accidents but not responsible should any occur.

W. T. ELAM, ELAM, KY.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court: On 15th Monday in June, and 3rd Monday in March and November.  
County Court: On 2nd Monday in each month.  
Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.  
Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

I. C. FERGUSON, Presiding Judge.

## Magistrate's Court.

First District—W. G. Short, First Monday in each month.  
Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after First Monday in each month.  
Third District—E. W. Day, Wednesday after First Monday in each month.  
Fourth District—Charles Frater, Friday after First Monday in each month.  
Fifth District—Frank Kennaard, Wednesday after Second Monday in each month.  
Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after Second Monday in each month.  
Seventh District—A. F. Blavin, Thursday after Second Monday in each month.  
Eighth District—Franklin Walter, Thursday after First Monday in each month.

## County Officers.

Judge—I. C. Ferguson.  
Attorney—J. P. Hancy.  
Sheriff—H. B. Brown.  
Treasurer—W. M. Gardner.  
Clerk—J. H. Sebastian.  
Supt. Schools—T. N. Barker.  
Jailer—H. C. Combs.  
Assessor—Whitt Kennaard.  
Coroner—C. F. Lykins.  
Surveyor—W. M. Turner.  
Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fugett.  
Deputy G. W.—Jno. M. Perry.

West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month. N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan County holds its regular meeting the Second Monday in each month.

## J. P. HANCY.

County Attorney, GENERAL PRACTICE, OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE, West Liberty, Ky.

## W. M. GARDNER.

LAWYER, WEST LIBERTY, KY. Office in Commercial Bank Building

## RYLAND C. MUSICK.

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## NICKELL & CISCO.

LAWYERS, WEST LIBERTY, KY. OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE

## Spend Sundays



## (Continued from second page)

Settlement of H. P. Brown, Sheriff Morgan County,  
WITH  
W. M. Gardner, Treasurer Morgan County,  
FOR 1911.

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